

1917-18

Please Exchange  
Oct. 1917

# THE



# ARCHON

1917

# Strand Theatre

Clara Kimball Young

Francis Bushman

Ethel Barrymore

Harold Lockwood

Norma Talmadge

Triangle Service

Keystone Comedies

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Other Attractions

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**Moderately Priced**

## Porter & Rogers Co.

Newburyport, Mass.

# .. The Archon ..

Published six times during the school year by the students  
of Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

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Vol. 7, New Series

OCTOBER, 1917

No. 1

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## ... Board ...

The Full Board will be announced in the next ARCHON.

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# LITERARY

## ADVICE TO JACK

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When you've made your farewell call  
On the sweetest girl of all  
And said a lingering last goodbye to  
Summer,  
Mother packs your little grip  
Pa buys your new fall "dip"  
And you take the dear old B. & M.  
for Dummer.

There you greet familiar faces,  
Drop in your well-known loafing  
places  
Tell again the tale of last year's larks  
Throw the contents of your trunks  
Into closets, under bunks  
And begin to grow gray-headed over  
Marks.

Or, if you're new to school  
You must learn its every rule  
View the buildings, size up every prof.  
You tack up banners, unpack barrel  
Lose your heart to Mrs. F—rell  
And ask how many afternoons you're  
off.

But whether new, or whether old  
Whether shy, or whether bold,  
If you're always wide awake—if  
you're a "comer"  
When you've been here 'bout a week  
You will like the others speak,  
"There's no place in the big wide  
world like Dummer."



## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

---

In a dingy, dirty back room of one of the city's worst tenements Danny Brown, First Class Scout, sat scowling out upon all humanity while he rubbed his stubby nose against the greasy window pane. The desire to become a hero had possessed Danny, and he was discouraged and disheartened because (in his own words) "there warn't no chance to be a hero in this old place." His mother bending over her wash-tubs cast an occasional glance at the boy—such a glance as only a mother can give and only a son can understand. But Danny missed the look.

Snatching up his cap he angrily pulled it down over his eyes, and after slamming the door, clattered noisily down the well-worn and seldom-varnished stairs and out into the street. Danny was conscious of a real elation such as he had never before known—an elation which comes only after long yearning and striving—today he had been made a First Class Scout. As happens frequently, no sooner had he realized the ambition of months than a new ideal, overtopping all the others, sprang up. With his narrow shoulders squared and his jaw firmly set he marched steadily down the alley in which he lived.

Twenty miles from Danny, along the old Boston Turnpike, G. B. Stetson, Banker and Broker, sped in his fast racer. His thoughts were not on his driving but with his business. With a careless spin of the wheel he careened around one dangerous curve after another; over bridges, through

tunnels, up hills, and down steep slopes he darted.

"And so they thought they could pull something while he was gone, eh? Thought 'cause the Old Man wasn't right on the job that they could corner him—Well he'd show 'em—Yes," he muttered, as he narrowly missed an Italian, bound homeward with his push cart of bananas, "he'd show them."

Over the last bridge he sped, whirling sharply to the left down a long steep grade which led to the business section of the city. Half way down the hill he noticed a blotch of white; as he tore down upon it he gradually became conscious of the fact that it was a child, sitting in the middle of the road and playing with a toy. With an oath he jammed his foot upon the brake, but, unaccustomed to such sudden and violent strain, the rod snapped and the car tore on more swiftly than before. A flash of olive-drab as Danny shot out, a quick toss which landed the baby on the opposite sidewalk, a shriek—and all was over. Stetson tugged at his emergency brake, which in his terror he had totally forgotten, and succeeded in bringing the car to a stop about fifty yards from the scene of the accident.

Springing quickly out of the machine he raced back up hill to where the little scout lay with his head on the knee of a friendly policeman. His face was deathly pale, while the arm hanging limp by his side, and both legs, which had assumed horri-

bly unnatural positions, showed the nature of his injury.

"Say, Mистер," he said, smiling wryly, in spite of the excruciating pain, "do you suppose Mистер Carnaygee will give me a gold 'un for that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, son," said the stunned millionaire.

The waiting officer, having recognized the familiar face of Wall Street's Big Man, touched his cap and said, "Hadn't we better take 'im to the 'ospital, sir?"

Danny was picked up and laid gently in a near-by car. Almost without knowing what he was doing, Stetson drove away from the spot carefully, lest he jar the injured lad. He had forgotten that his car was on the side of the hill with the brake broken, and he didn't even know that he was not in his own car. The whole horrible lesson lay before him—his greed, (sinful lust some would call it) and this poor boy's absolutely unselfish heroism. He shuddered; a cold chill ran down his spine. In the eleventh hour this repentance—this deep abhorrence of what had formerly been his watchword—his slogan had come. With a start he realized how deplorable, how mean, low, and actually despicable his actions and ideas had been.

After locating Danny in a comfortable private room in the hospital, Stetson got into communication with his office.

"Now about this man Greene—you say he's actually begging credit? Let him have it—I've changed my mind about his case. Yes, I know his credit's no good, but let it go!"

In the office of 'G. B. Stetson, Banker and Broker' a weary man heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God," he said, "that gives Martha and the kids a chance. Now I must call up Jim Hayes and tell him

to come to work tomorrow as usual. Awfully white of Stetson to say the least. . . Hello, hello, Jim old boy—say Jim, Stetson let up on me for some mysterious reason, and I'm going to start over again—and I think Jim, I think I'll need you tomorrow as usual. Hello, hello—Jim —" but no answer came, for "Jim" had raced up the stairs three at a time to the chamber where a little lady, who was soon to be the proud mother of his first child, lay.

"It's all right, Jess, all right girlie," and as he caressed her she fell into a deep peaceful sleep.

#### LATER

The immaculately clad nurse emerged from the chamber with a tiny bundle of life held tenderly in her arms.

"Mr. Hayes, allow me to present to you your daughter, Miss Hayes!"

Jim Hayes sat pondering in his chair long after the nurse had left the room. It meant quite a good deal to him to have this chance for employment at this critical time.

"It's awfully good of Greene and of Mr. Stetson too, for that matter. I wonder what struck Stetson? After all he's not such a crab."

In the white-walled room to which he had been brought, lay the unconscious cause of all. Upon his little undershirt, over which the hospital night gown had been hastily tossed, a cautious observer might see the glitter of gold. The more curious observer would find on close inspection that upon the narrow chest of the white faced boy was pinned a Carnegie Medal, inscribed "For Bravery." The hard usage which it bore from the boy's frequent inspection, threatened to wear it soon out. Danny had succeeded—but how long would he be satisfied with this, before he longed for something greater?

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# EDITORIAL

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The Archon presents its compliments to its friends and supporters, promising to appear to them regularly and promptly during the year just beginning. This number is being sent out as a messenger from the school to every former student whose name and address we know. To each the message is a word of greeting and

good-will. It brings out two facts of especial note—viz: The School opens this year with its buildings filled with students, its equipment taxed to the utmost—and again, every day brings out more clearly the fact that the Sons of Dummer are not behind those of Revolutionary days in their devotion to their country and willingness to fight for Democracy.





Military training, begun late last year, will be continued and emphasized this year. Athletics in all branches will go on as far as time permits.

The crops planted by the boys last spring are to be harvested and the apples picked. We have a fair crop of potatoes and corn and from fifty to seventy-five barrels of winter fruit. Heavy frosts damaged the corn but it can be converted into pork and chicken and so help with the food problem.

Mr. Walter J. Farrell of the Faculty was married September first to Miss Tracy Richardson of Rowley. Mr. and Mrs. Farrell are to live in the Master Moody House. Both Faculty and students are delighted to welcome Mrs. Farrell, who has always been a great favorite in a wide circle of friends.

#### SUNDAY NIGHT SONG SERVICE

Our Sunday night song service began for this year on Sunday night, Sept. 30th. Dr. Ingham led the singing and gave us a short talk; he then introduced Miss Marion McG. Noyes,

a firm friend and very loyal supporter of the school. Miss Noyes spoke for a few minutes on the work of the Local Red Cross and asked the aid and support of all the Dummer boys. She mentioned knitting and received quite a hilarious response from the fellows, who evidently thought it the best joke ever; they were somewhat subdued however, when they heard that not a few real live, able-bodied men were now engaged in knitting for our soldiers. It ceases to be a joke when we realize that our fathers, our brothers, and our friends, are not only literally, but actually engaged in this great struggle, and the few who are feeble minded and weak-kneed enough to let the fear of seeming a trifle effeminate keep them from doing this little bit to help, deserve our righteous condemnation. We must begin now to think not of ourselves, but of those who are laying down their lives for us; we must resolve to leave no stone unturned, no task undone that may help in the least to keep our brothers "somewhere in France" more comfortable. Let us hope that when we rose to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" we all mentally resolved to do our bit. We had with us as guests Miss Hester Noyes and Mr. and Mrs. Hayward.



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# ATHLETICS

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## THE OUTLOOK—FOOTBALL 1917

Although we are this year without the valuable services of Nutter, last year's mainstay, the general outlook seems to be favorable. Practise began with about 35 candidates, most of whom are somewhat light as well as green. Coach Reagan announced that the squad will be trained in both the modern open style of play and the more ancient line-bucking game. Of our old men we have Saunders and Sawyer in the backfield, Mills and Woodward at ends, and Tyler at centre. The guard and tackle positions are open and unless Capt. Fuller of last year's championship team returns these positions will all have to be filled by green or last year's substitute men. Ackerman, formerly of Worcester Academy, shows promise and seems a good man to take Nutter's place in the line-smashing and cross tackle bucks. Sawyer at his old place as R. H. B. and Saunders at F. B. or L. H. B. are in their old form, while Leavitt is proving to be an excellent broken field runner. The Second Team itself seems already quite a hard nut for the Varsity machine to crack, and shows promise of giving the First a good fight the year through. We have fortunately unearthed a quarter-back of experience in Marsh, formerly of Abbot Academy, and he seems quite capable of running the team through a successful season.

Weekly scrimmages with Newburyport will liven matters a little and help to put a little of the old time fight into the team's veins. Our hardest games seem to be coming from Country Day and Marblehead. New men who show especially well are: Peacock of Lubec, Me.; Dodge of Worcester Academy; Dalton of Schenectady, N. Y.; and Morse of Barnstead, N. H. Let us all now get behind this, our team, and let our cheers and not those of our opponents be the ones to goad our team to battle and to victory. Let us not lose sight of the fact that in the humblest defeat there is much to be praised and that those dark hours need cheering as well as the brighter times. Let us cheer with the force of a thousand throats, let us win with the grace of the good sportsman and let us lose with the valor of heroes—and the success of the football season of 1917 is assured.

Manager Saunders announces the following schedule:

- Oct. 6—Sanborn Seminary at Dummer.
- Oct. 11—Manning High of Ipswich at Dummer.
- Oct. 20—Amesbury H. S. at Dummer.
- Oct. 26—Johnson H. S. of No. Andover at Dummer.
- Nov. 3—Saugus H. S. at Saugus.
- Nov. 10—Country Day at Newton.
- Nov. 17—Marblehead H. S. at Dummer.



## LOCALS

### WOMEN AND ELECTRICITY

When a woman is dull—exciter  
 If she gets too excited—controller  
 If she talks too much—interrupter  
 If she's a Republican—converter  
 If she's willing to come halfway—  
 meter.  
 If you think she's unfaithful—de-  
 tester.  
 If she is unfaithful—lever  
 If she proves your fears are wrong—  
 compensator  
 If she goes up in the air—condenser  
 If she wants Chocolates—feeder  
 If she sings wrong—tuner  
 If she's in the country—telegrapher  
 If she's a poor cook—discharger  
 If she's fat—reducer  
 If she's wrong—rectifier  
 If she's cold to you—heater  
 If she gossips too much—regulator  
 If she fumes and sputters—insulator  
 If she becomes upset—reverser.

Saunders: Do you know the popu-  
 lation of Byfield, Mass.?

Mills: No, sir, not all of them; I  
 have only lived here two years.

Make  
 Afternoon's  
 Recreation for  
 Kewpie  
 Saunders.

If your name you wish to see  
 Look among this jingeree:—  
 There is A. Smith and G. Smith  
 And Smith with a Malcolm on it  
 Ull-man and Sher-man  
 And man with an "Acker" bonnet.  
 Then there's Wetmore and Swett,  
 Moore  
 And still another Wetmore;  
 Dal-ton and Pat ton.  
 And little Jimmie Kemp-ton  
 Grover, Hellier, Miller, Sawyer,  
 Tyler, Worcester and oh  
 That other "ton" that ers!—Saund-  
 ers!

Who's a ham—Ingham!  
 Johnson & Johnson  
 Well, they're a pair!  
 What is the flower of Dummer?  
 An Emeny—and the Morse it grows  
 all around.  
 What is the difference between Ben-  
 dix and Bumstead?

One is well said in Latin the other is  
 Bums(t)ead in English.  
 Cressey, Burke, and Stevens  
 Go out to row a boat  
 Cressey and Burke don't Rowell;  
 But tell me, who do you think is go-  
 ing to win?  
 Well the Priest says the Goodwin, so  
 I say Francis.  
 And since we all have our Short-Cum-  
 mings  
 Madero, President of Mexico, is not  
 without his little vice.  
 Charlie Macmahon set out dead South  
 across the Marsh,  
 He spied a Peacock and threw a Stone  
 And yelled to Woodward, "I must go  
 home, for  
 The Gale is chilling me to the bone.  
 I am Waring Child's clothes. What  
 Did you Weare?" Well, since we  
 Cannot Dodge the bouquets which are  
 coming our way  
 Let us Leavitt. Kenny last as Long  
 as you  
 Can running to Glen Mills—Nason,  
 but

Dynamite!

And for our Faculty:  
 We said farewell to Farrell,  
 But he came back with Fair Ella;  
 They say she was dressed in Green  
 Ingham.  
 At any rate she had something Hem-  
 meon  
 And you'll have to hand him La Croix.  
 And—will wonders never cease, they  
 say  
 It took place at Hotel Reagan (that is  
 Adams Square)  
 Whoa boy!—toot your Horne for the  
 porter  
 And let's be on our way!

#### DUMMER ACADEMY

Dummer opened Sept. 25th with  
 registration and the first assembly of  
 the new and old boarding students,  
 and on Wednesday at 8 a. m., the first

session for all departments was held.  
 For the first time in the history of  
 the school, registration in the board-  
 ing department closed before opening  
 day with the dormitories filled. The  
 number is limited to fifty by the size  
 of the present dormitories and class-  
 rooms.

The day department will be smaller  
 than formerly, due chiefly to the new  
 ruling of the Newbury Board of Edu-  
 cation regarding the aid to be given  
 students wishing to attend the Acad-  
 emy. The customary aid has been  
 withdrawn to comply with the spirit  
 and letter of the forthcoming amend-  
 ment to the Constitution regarding  
 aid to any institution not wholly con-  
 trolled by the State. Considerable  
 hardship is entailed upon Byfield boys  
 who want naturally to attend this old  
 Academy.

Among the new students are the  
 following:

Elbert Dalton of Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Carroll F. Dodge of Boston, Mass.  
 Brooks Emeny of Salem, Ohio.  
 Maxwell Glen of Newburyport,  
 Mass.  
 Carl H. Goodwin of Georgetown,  
 Mass.  
 Richard & Benjamin Johnson of  
 Lynn, Mass.  
 Alan Long of Lowell, Mass.  
 Horacio Madero of Mexico City,  
 Mexico.  
 Stephen D. Marsh of Portland,  
 Maine.  
 Eugene H. Miller, Jr., of South  
 Bend, Indiana.  
 Carey Y. Morse of Barnstead, N. H.  
 Charles H. W. Nason of York Beach,  
 Maine.  
 Carroll B. Peacock of Lubec, Maine.  
 Joseph H. Short of Byfield, Mass.  
 Gilbert M. Smith of Newburyport,  
 Mass.  
 James F. South of Durham, N. H.  
 Edward R. Stevens of Woburn,  
 Mass.



Leonard B. Stone of West Roxbury, Mass.

Allen and Paul Ullman of Provincetown, Mass.

Robert B. Wetmore of Westfield, Mass.

The wide range from which they come and the increased enrollment in the Boarding Department in the face of increased charges for tuition and war conditions, is most encouraging to the management and friends of the school. The problem of new buildings must now be faced by the Trustees.

Mr. R. F. Evans of last year's faculty, is now in the Coast Guards, stationed at Ft. Williams, Portland, Me. Otherwise the faculty is as last year. Mr. Reagan continues as coach and athletic director until he is called into his country's service. For the present, the work of Mr. Evans is taken by the Principal.

Football practise began on the 26th and the scheduled games will be played. Of last year's team, Kramer, Reynolds, and Johnstone were graduated, Fuller is still at home, harvest-

ing; Long is in the Army, and Knowles did not return to school. Nutter is one of Broderick's recruits. This leaves Woodward, r. e., Mills, l. e., Sawyer, r. h. b., and Saunders, f. b. available. There are no stars in the new material as far as is known.

Military drill will be resumed as soon as football is underway, though great difficulty is being experienced in finding a suitable teacher of drill and range work.

The list of Dummer students of recent and more remote days who are doing what they may for Uncle Sam includes the following: Fletcher Long, Ferguson, Marston Young, Gordon Rowe, Fred Tapley, Goduti, A. Poto, Fred Goodwin, Bob Chandler, Everett Trask, Lt. Page Brown, Lt. F. C. Ambrose, Russell Moseley, Donald Redfern. Stacy, W. Yesair and Bemis are in the Navy. Havelin, Arlin, Cutter, Coleman, Drake, and Towne are also in the service. The above is only a partial list of those from 1907 on, who are now at the front or preparing to go.



X 1858-9

John Pierpont May, who with his brother George was a student here under Master Henshaw, is represented at the school this year by his grandson, Leonard Bradford Stone.

1868

Joseph Newell Dummer was married August 30th to Clara N. Hodgman of Malden, Mass. They are at home, Beach Point, Rowley, Mass., after October 1st.

1907

Milton Dodge has passed with

credit his examinations for a commission in the Coast Artillery.

1917

Of last year's class, Beaver is in business in Norwood, Herzer is in Trinity College, Lacroix enters Amherst Aggie, Kramer is in business college, Johnstone is employed by the American Locomotive Works, Reynolds is at Tufts Dental School, Pino-Suarez has entered Leland Stanford and Victor Ruiz is a member of the freshman class at Tech.

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